

which shall to vertue bringe you by proces  
Wherfore in any wyle loke ye make gode sa-  
And late no man knowe of youre heynesse  
So they were by baptynge brought out of entresse  
Tourned all to vertue & whan this was done  
Vertue comauanded frē wyl before hym come

To whom thus he saide I haue greate marueyle  
ye durst be so bolde byces parte to take.  
Who bad you do so. I gane ou that counsele  
Justly vnto that ye haue me preuy made.  
Than saide frē wyl & swymfully spake  
Knelinge on his kne with a chere benyngne  
I pray you sir late pyte your erys to me enclyne.

¶ And I shall you tel the very sothe of all  
Howe it was & who made me that wry draue.  
Forsooth sensualyte his propre name they call  
I saide reasen than I knowe well that felawe  
Wilde he is & wanton of me standeth he none alwe  
As he so god vertue well he shalbe taught  
As a pleyer shalde to draue another draught

And with that cam sadness with his sobre cheare  
Brenyngre sensualyte beyngre full of thought  
And saide that he had take hym prysonere  
A welcome saide vertue nowe haue I that I taught  
It shal be that gode lord as thou wold it is nouȝt  
why arē thou so wanton & wilde he said for shame  
Or thou go at large thou shalbe made more

With a litle & to an ylling chayre  
Albe thy synnes for swiche be laide in bord  
Unto thy wyll the bens of your bothe  
Beginneth to flake bens swiche as ye haue solewe,  
And whil nedys repe that is none other way  
That with swadinge late se what ye can say



What is your habylite me to recompence  
For the grcate harine that yots me haue do-  
For sothe laide fre wyll in oon mynnesse.  
But only macrocosme mynne that is  
Take that if it please you I wolle that it be so  
If I may vnderstande ye be my goode lord  
In dede saide vertue to that wolle I accorde  
Than made vertue reason his lieftnaunt  
And gaue hyuu a greet charge macrocosme to kepe  
That donc sensualyte yelded hyin cravant  
And beganne for angre bitterly to wepe  
For he deined surely his sorowe shulde nat flepe  
Than made vertue fre wyll baily vnder reason  
At he felde to occupye to his behoue in season

And than saide vertue to sensualyte  
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy besynesse  
Vnder this fourme all fragilit  
Shalt thou for sake bothe moore and less  
And vnder the gydinge shalt thou be of sadnessse  
All though it somwhat be agayne thy bens  
Thy iugement is gyuen thou shalt it nat starte.

Exentyll sensualite that hath me servyd  
Clerely froin his liberte and set hym a-fyde  
Them that loue hym nat take their vnde  
As it were a cast awaie of a sho cloute

And parde ye knowe well a rule haue I  
Within macrocosme for soch I say nat na  
Dyde true but sensualite shall nat fulfyll  
Like as ye haue do before this if I may.  
Chertfro hym to restreyne sadnesse shall a  
Howe be it ye shall haue your holy liberte  
Within macrocosme as ye haue had free

**C** And whan vertue had to nature sai  
A litell his iye castinge hym besyde.  
He saide in a corner stande Morpleus.  
That hym before warned of the very tyng  
A syres saide vertue yet we must abyde  
Here is a frende of oures may nat be forgy  
After his deserte we shall hym entrete

Morpleus saide vertue I thanke you he  
For your true herte and your greate labo  
That ye list to come to me so redely  
Whan I vnderstode the comynge of the  
I thanke god a you in sauynge of myn h  
Wherfore this preuylege no we to you I  
That within macrocosme ye shall haue

ye woll hardly with your myst  
close there as in a chyst  
wolde desire, for sparc pollucion  
ge may ne plese y<sup>e</sup> souneth to corrupcion

he had this saide the keyes he hym tooke.  
ardchastastell with his people went,  
reason take goode hede & aboute loke  
ualy by nature were nat shent  
short he saide tyl his lust be spent  
were a childe for to be vnborne  
hym haue his wyll & for cuer be lorne  
olde attropos had sene & herde all thys  
tu had opteyned astonyed as he stode  
hym selfe somwhat there is anys.  
well my patent be nat all gode  
in the paleys as he had ben wode.  
o the goddis I se ye do but lape  
orthyn wherw haue ye made me gape

wyll wey shulde I vertue ouertholwe  
redeth nat all your holc route  
ye make gode your patet wold I know  
possible to bringe that aboute  
hym may I nat that is out of doute  
topos ride god apollo  
re couenant shalt theu haue thereto

from J. D. Halsbury



Whiche shall to vertue bringe you by proces,  
Wherfore in any wyse loke ye make gode saide  
And late no man knowe of youre heuynesse,  
So they were by hapyng brought out of vertesse  
Tourned all to vertue & whan this was done  
Vertue comaunded frewyll before hym come

To whom thus he saide I haue greate marueyle  
ye durst be so bolde byces parte to take.

Who bad you do so agayn du that counsele  
Justly vnto that ye shall me preuy make,

Than saide frewyll & swyngfully speake

Knelinge on his knic with a chere benyngne

I pray you sir late pyte your erys to me enclyne,

**C** And I shall you tell the very sothe of all  
Howe it was & who made me that wey draue,  
Forsooth sensualyte his propre name they call  
A saide reasen than I knowe well that felawe  
Wilde he is & wanton of me standeth he none aye,  
As he so quod vertue well he shalbe taught  
As a pleyer shalde to draue another draught

And with that cam sadness with his sobre cheare  
Bengynge sensualyte beyng full of thought  
And saide that he had take hym pryslonere  
A welcome saide vertue nowe haue I that I sought  
Blessid be that gode lord as thou wold it is nouȝt  
why art thou so wanton & wilde he said for shame  
Or thou ḡ at large thou shalbe made more

Donec pug. f. 51 ①

Yerush (EST E. 24844-3)

fragment from Basalt copy

R216904



Well a littel & than I haue to do with  
halfe thy synau & than he saide in boord  
Unto frewyll the bawd. If your boord  
Begyneth to flake b. such as rakkys bawd.  
Must ye nedys repe thise is none other way  
But with bawdinge late se what ye can say

What is your habilyte me to recompence  
For the greate harine tht at yoto me haue do  
For sothe saide frewyll is ony recompence.  
But only mactocosme mowth me I haue los  
Take that if it please you I wolle that it be so  
If I may vnderstande ye be my goode lord  
In dede saide vertue to that wold I accorde  
Than made vertue reason his lieftenaunt  
And gauchyiu a gret charge in mactocosme to kepe  
That donc sensualyte yelded hyiu creant.  
And beganne for anger bitterly to wepe.  
For he dcined surely his sorowe shulde nat flepe  
Than made vertue frewyll baily vnder reason  
The felde to occupyc to his behoue in season

And than saide vertue to sensualyte  
Thou shalt be rewarded for thy besynesse  
Under this fourme all fragilit  
Shalt thou forslake bothe moze and less  
And vnder the gydinge shalt thou be of sambelle  
All though it somwhat be agayne thy bawd  
Thy iugement is gyuen thou shalt it nat starte.

Scntyll sensualite that hath me serued  
Clerely froin his liberte and set hym  
Them that loue hym nat take their vnde  
As it were a cast awaþ oþ a sho cloute

And parde ye knowe well a rule house I  
within macrocosme for soþ I say nat na  
Noþ vtre but sensualite shall nat fulfyll y  
Like as ye hathe do before this if I may  
þer fro hym to restrayne. Sadnesse shall a  
Hewe be it ye shall haue your holy liberte  
within macrocosme as ye haue had free

Douce f. 51 ⑩  
And whan vertue had to nature sai  
I litell his iye castinge hym besyde.  
He saþe in a corner stande Morpleus.  
That hym before warned of the verry tyt  
A syres saide vertue yet we must abyde  
Here is a frende of oures may nat be forȝ  
After his deserte we shall hym entrete

Morpleus saide vertue I thanke you he  
For your true herre and your greate labo  
That ye lust to come to me so redely  
whan I understande the comynge of the  
I thanke god aþ you in sauynge of myn h  
Wherfore this preruyle noþ we to you I  
That within macrocosme ye shall haue

Virtue (S.T.C. 24844\*)

Fragment from Bodleian Lib.

2002



3  
Iye ye woll hardly with your mynst  
your close there as in a chyst  
volde desire, ~~as~~ spare pollucion  
ge may me plesc y<sup>e</sup> souneth to corrupcōn

Douce frag f. 51 ①

: hav this saide the keyes he hym tooke.  
irde his castell with his people went,  
reason take goode hede ~~as~~ aboute loke  
ualy by nature were nat shent  
short he saide tyll his lust be spent  
were a childe for to be vnboorne  
hym haue his wyll ~~as~~ for cuer be loyne  
olde attropos had sene ~~as~~ herde all thys  
tu had opteyned astonyed as he shode  
hym selfe somwhat there is amys.  
well my patent be nat all gode  
the paleys as he had ben wode.  
o the goddy<sup>s</sup> I se ye do but tape  
or thy whew haue ye made me gape

uyllwey shulde I vertue querthow  
redeth nat all your holc route  
ye make gode your patet wold I know  
possible to bringe that aboute  
hym may I nat that is out of doute  
ropos' ide god apollo  
te couenant shalt theu haue thereto

from J. O. Halliwell



Virtue

fragment from Bodleian

(S.T.C. 248448)

R.216804

